

THE

LOST PRINCE

—A—

SPECTACULAR LYRIC COMEDY,

IN TWO ACTS,

BY

F. WEBER BENTON.

SAINT LOUIS:

F. WEBER BENTON & CO.

1883.



576

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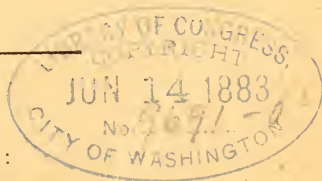
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THE LOST PRINCE.

ORIGINAL CAST OF CHARACTERS.

PRINCE JACK,—Prince of the House of Cucumber,
..... Miss Jessie Hall
SUNFLOWER,—A Fairy Queen { Miss Julia Larcari
ORLANDO,—Sunflower in disguise {
PANTHER,—Imp of the fairies,..... Mr. Oscar Hall
PANSY.—A Fairy..... Miss Tillie Chambers
TULIP, “ Miss Della Fox
ROSE, “ Miss Blanche Hall
DAISY, “
POLLYWOG,—Valet to Prince Jack,..... Mr. Harry Berger
FAIRIES, ETC.

SCENE PLOT. .

ACT I, PLANET VENUS.

SCENE I.—Woods and mountains, large blooming plants in the background, each enveloping a Fairy.
SCENE II,—Wood set in I. SCENE III—Same as first.

ACT II—THE SAME.

SCENE I—Boudoir in the Palace of the Fairy Queen.
SCENE II—Hallway in Palace. SCENE III—Same as Act I. Scene I.

COSTUMES.

PRINCE JACK.—Hunting garb, with Bow, Quiver and Bugle.

ORLANDO.—Ducal attire.

POLLYWOG.—Comic colored garb (*Male.*)

PANTHER.—Plain, close fitting green suit and hood with horns.

FAIRIES.—(*Named.*) White, short frocks, short sleeves, wands and dresses trimmed with the flowers they represent

FAIRIES.—(*In the chorus*) White, short frocks, short sleeves, wands and dresses trimmed with miscellaneous flowers (*except those named.*)

THE LOST PRINCE.

ACT I.

SCENE I—*Bugle is heard in the distance—gradually coming nearer.*

PRINCE JACK (*from without*)—Hello there, good Pollywog, whither art thou? (*pause*) Hilli! hilli! hi—ho—h-o-o! (*Enter, in chase of an arrow.*) Where has my arrow gone? I fear I have lost that too, as well as my way. What shall I do? My arrows all gone, no game, and lost from Pollywog: I shall die here alone in the forest. Ah, what do I hear? (*low chanting.*) Surely angels or fairies are singing; and oh, how like Fairyland this seems! how beautiful, how very beautiful! such a charming place for a nap, and I am so weary, I think I'll try it; perhaps Pollywog will find me while I sleep. Sing on, good fairies; I will listen while I slumber. (*Sleeps.*)

Enter PANTHER *through a trap; shows surprise at seeing the PRINCE; touches him, springs back in alarm as he moves, then summons the FAIRIES, who appear from within leaves of great plants; they draw near.*

FAIRIES—Oh, my! (*retreat and then advance.*)

SUNFLOWER, the Fairy Queen—What is this that has thus invaded our realm?

FAIRIES—Oh, dear, a real, live man.

SUNF.—You have spoken truly, my maidens. It is a man, and he is of earth. Know ye that never before has mortal entered our realm, and ye are furthermore forbidden to hold converse with a human, so let us away till he has passed from beyond our domain.

FAIRIES—But he is so gentle.

SUNF.—I have spoken.

PANSY, a fairy—Good Sunflower, let us speak to him. It will surely do no harm. He looks so young and gentle.

TULIP—And handsome.

FAIRIES—Oh, so handsome.

SUNF.—Well, be it so. But forget not the hour when the sunflower turns her face to the setting sun: then seek ye each thy plant in time, lest the leaves close without thee, for such a misfortune ye well know would transform thee into common mortals. Adieu; remember. (*Exit SUNF. L. U. E.*)

FAIRIES—We shall remember and obey, good Queen.

PANSY—How shall we awaken him?

TULIP—Let us try the effect of music.

FAIRIES—So let it be.

Chorus of Fairies.

Awake, gentle stranger,
 Open your eyes;
 The sunlight is on thee,
 And blue are the skies:
 The daylight is fading
 The night draweth near;
 Awake, gentle stranger,
 Come join in our cheer.
 Awake! awake! awake!

PRINCE JACK *rubs his eyes, sits upright, looks around, and rises to his feet.*

PR. J. (*aside*)—My eyes! what have we here? as I live, they are girls.

PANSEY—He is looking at me.

TULIP—No, he is looking at me.

ROSE—You are all mistaken: it is I that caught his eye.

PR. J.—Excuse me, I was looking at all of you.

FAIRIES—Oh-h! (*cluster about and nearly suffocate him with embraces.*)

PR. J.—Enough, enough, you muss my cuff. My dear ladies, you quite surprise me.

PANSY—Ladies indeed! he calls us ladies.

PR. J.—Well, this is rich; they object to being called ladies.

TULIP—Indeed we do: we are flowers.

PANSY—And I am a Pansy.

ROSE—And I a Rose.

TULIP—I'm the Tulip.

LILY—And I the Lily.

DAISY—I'm a Daisy.

PR. J.—So you are, to be sure.

PANSY—Now who are you, Mr. Mortal?

PR. J. (*aside*)—How rude! they call me mortal. (*aloud.*) My pretty blossoms, my front name is Jack, and I'm Prince of the House of Cucumber.

FAIRIES—A real Prince. (*Again they embrace him; he strangles.*)

PR. J.—Come off, come off; you make me cough.

TULIP—Come, Prince, tell us how you came to leave the world.

PR. J.—Goodness! I am not dead.

TULIP—But you are not on the earth.

PR. J.—Pray tell me, where am I, then?

PANSY—On Venus, the evening star.

PR. J.—How came I here?

DAISY—Do you not know?

PR. J.—Indeed I do not.

PANSY—Then we shall ask Panther; he knows all things. Panther, appear.

Enter PANTHER with a leap and spring.

PANSY—How came the Prince among us?

PANTHER *rubs his eyes, points to the earth in the air, leaps up, and falls to the ground.*

PANSY—He says you fell from the earth while sleeping.

PR. J.—Oh, dear! how shall I return.

PANSY—Never fear; our good queen, Sunflower, will send you safely hom^e.

PR. J.—Perhaps I may wish to remain, especially if you will sing for me.

FAIRIES—But we have all got colds.

PR. J.—That's what they say on earth, but never mind the colds. I will look leniently upon all defects arising from that indisposition. (*aside.*) I guess that's a stunner.

The FAIRIES look at each other in wonder.

PANSY—Will you have the kindness to favor us with a repetition of your observation?

PR. J.—Do the best you can under the circumstances.

TULIP—Oh, certainly; what shall we sing?

PR. J.—Anything you like, let me see, do you sing Olivette?

TULIP—Never heard it.

PR. J. (*musingly*)—Do you sing—a—Pin-aore?

PANTHER *falls in a fit.*

TULIP—No, Panther objects.

PR. J.—Well, make your own selection.

TULIP—Then I will tell you a secret, “but for goodness sake don’t say I told you.”

Song.

PR. J.—Bravo. By my troth, fair blossom, you sing right merrily; but who is to favor us now? Ah, methinks the pretty Pansy will not refuse.

PANSY—His Highness has but to command; it gives us pleasure to obey. What shall I sing, my lord?

PR. J.—I cannot dictate, except to suggest that it be of yourself, the flowers, the leaves, the trees—of nature when most beautiful.

PANSY—Then I will sing of the happiest time in all the year, “When the Leaves Return Again.”

Song.

PR. J.—Excellent, most excellent; fully as well as I could have done it myself.

DAISY—Do you really sing?

PR. J.—Not often.

PANSY—Panther, does the Prince sing?

PANTHER (*signs in the affirmative.*)

PANSY—Panther says yes. Do sing for us.

TULIP—Oh, yes.

ROSE—Please.

DAISY—Do sing; that’s a dear.

PR. J.—Since you have so kindly entertained me, I cannot refuse to make some return. I will sing you about one of my girls.

TULIP—One of them?

PR. J.—Yes, I have several; my latest is “My summer girl.”

Song.

Fairies applaud.

DAISY—Oh, Prince, sing it again.

PR. J.—No, I am quite fatigued. It is now the turn of the Rose, where has she gone? Oh, peek-a-boo! I see you hiding there. (ROSE sings, PEEK-A-BOO.)

POL.—*from without*—Hello-o-o!

FAIRIES—What was that?

PR. J.—Why, that sounds like Pollywog’s voice.

PANSY—And who is Pollywog?

PR. J.—Him from whom I am lost, my valet. Let us hasten to find him, and bring him hither; come. (*Blows bugle; exeunt FAIRIES after PR. J.—L. 2 E.—PANTHER from opposite side stage turns somersault, and runs off after them on hands and feet.*)

SCENE II.—*Wood set in I. Enter SUNFLOWER, slowly and with bended head.*

SUNF.—How handsome and how young! Oh, that he were not mortal, for I fear he already has my heart; and why should not the Fairy Queen win his, and change him into a being like herself? I have said it; and now to disguise myself that the flowers may not recognize their Queen. But hist! who comes there? (*Enter POLLYWOG.*) Good morrow, sir.

POL.—You know more than I, if you know to-morrow is to be good.

SUNF.—I merely salute you. Good day, if it suits you better.

POL.—Oh, certainly, good day. (*passing off.*)

SUNF.—But stay, sir; who are you, and from whence do you come?

POL.—From a banquet; see, I have some left. (*shows sausage; bites at it.*) Have a bite?

SUNF.—No, we of this world dine on the perfume of flowers and the warblings of the birds.

POL.—Do tell! why, you are just the kind my landlady has been looking for.

SUNF.—Have done with your jesting, and tell me your name and business here.

POL.—I am sorry, Miss, but I left my card at home; they call me Pollywog there. As for my business here, I have none, and wish I was back home; but must first find my master, the Prince of Cucumber.

SUNF.—Oh, you came then in search of Prince Jack.

POL.—Yes; poor Jack! have you seen him?

SUNF.—I have; he is near at hand, and I will send you to him quickly.

POL.—A thousand thanks, good lady.

SUN.—Panther, appear. (PANTH. *springs out*;
POL. *falls on his knees before him.*)

POL.—Oh, please, sir, good devil, spare me. I'll never do it again. Oh, boo, hoo, hoo-o!

SUNF.—Arise, Pollywog, man of the earth; he will do thee no harm, but, obedient to my wish, will lead thee to thy master. (PANTHER *beckons him to go before.*)

POL.—Are you sure—are you—— (PANTHER *stamps the ground. Exit.*)

SUNF.—Now for my disguise and conquest of the Prince. *Exit, R. E. 1.*

SCENE III.—*Same as I. Enter PANTHER closely followed by POL.*

POL.—Hold on there, Satan, will you never stop? (PANTH. *motions POL. to draw near, and remain until he returns; points below.*) What now? have you buried the Prince, that you point to the earth? (PANTH. *stamps his foot, shakes his head, and sits upon the ground.*) Oh. I see; you wish me to wait for you here, (PANTH. *nods in the affirmative.*) Well, see that you are not long away. (*Exit, PANTHER.*) What a strange place I am in, to be sure, and what a lark! Such a tumble! When his Highness slipped off the earth he cut the most ridiculous figure I ever saw—heels up, head down, head down and heels up, one arm this way, and the other that, flippity-flop, hippity-hop, helter-skelter, away he went through the air, and never stopped till he found himself on his feet in this flower garden; and me, why bless my soul, down I had to come after him; but it seems I didn't fall in the right place, for I have been wandering about ever since, and have only just got on his track. I wonder if this place is like the earth. It seems more beautiful, the trees, the flowers, the grass, but nature is beautiful everywhere. I love nature; it is so joyous; in fact, everything in nature is merry and playful. The lightning plays, the wind whistles, the thunder roars, the snow flies, the waves leap, and the fields smile; even the buds shoot and the rivers run. (*Enter PANTHER followed by PRINCE JACK.*)

PR. J.—Oh, Pollywog!

POL.—Jacky, my boy. (*they embrace.*)

ORL.—No, I'm a stranger here, I came from the moon by special invitation from your Queen.

TULIP.—You are welcome.

FAIRIES.—Most welcome.

PANSY.—Would you mind introducing yourself to us?

ORL.—Certainly not. My name is Orlando, duke of Tenpenny, the Moon, Universe; all mail should be addressed "by the way of Mars." (*aside*) So far my disguise serves me well, but will the Prince never come? (*aloud*) Pardon me, but do you expect the Prince of Cucumber soon? I have a message for him from your Queen.

PANSY.—We know not; he left us an hour ago, and we have not seen him since; but where is Sunflower?

ORL.—She bade me say to you and her guests that she will not be with you in the *fete*, but will remain in her own apartment and do penance for certain transgressions of which she would not speak.

TULIP.—Alas, poor Queen, too well do we know the cause of her grief.

(*Enter PRINCE JACK.*)

P. J.—Who says the Queen is in grief.

ORL.—(*aside*) at last he comes.

FAIRIES.—Here's the Prince.

TULIP.—Ah, Prince, do you not remember how she saved us from being transformed into mortals, by making the sacrifice herself?

P. J.—Ah, yes I remember now how the leaves closed without you and how she sacrificed herself and became a mortal, that the leaves might open and receive you again. Noble Queen where is she, I seek her face in vain.

POL.—Who told you?

PR. J.—Oh, I read that in Hoyle's geography.

POLLY.—That's where I learned it. Now for arithmetic. What is a score?

PR. J.—A base ball record.

POL.—No, no; I mean what does a score signify numerically, that is to say, if I were to tell you that I had a score of dollars, what would you think?

PR. J.—I should think it wasn't so.

POL.—I guess we won't practice any more.

PR. J.—No, for see the fairies are coming; and do you know, Pollywog, I am in love with them all, and especially the queen. Watch and see how they reciprocate.

(Enter FAIRIES,)

FAIRIES—Oh, Prince, we have been looking for you; where have you been all this time?
(embrace him.)

PR. J. *(to POL.)*—How's this, Pollywog? what did I tell you? Am I solid, or am I not!

POL.—By my faith, young master, I think the thing is mutual.

PANSY—Prince, Sunflower tells us you are going to the ball——

PR. J.—Not this evening.

PANSY—To-morrow evening?

PR. J.—Yes, I have promised to go to the ball to-morrow evening, and hope to meet all of you there. But see, here comes Panther, and how wild he looks!

Enter PANTHER much agitated; motions and points to the leaves; the FAIRIES turn and see them close.

TULIP—The leaves have closed.

II.

FAIRIES—We are lost. (*fall to the earth.*
SUNFLOWER *risce from behind her plant.*)

SUNF.—Ye have disobeyed, my comrades, ye have heeded not my commands; henceforth are ye mortals. Away, away. (FAIRIES *extend their hands in supplication.*)

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*Boidoir in the Palace of the Fairy Queen; SUNFLOWER in male attire, disguised as ORLANDO, before mirror, arranging toilet.*

ORL.—At last my toilet is complete. Who now shall suspect me as the Fairy Queen? except Panther, he knows all things. But how long they tarry, 'tis time they should have arrived, Ah, what if the Prince should learn to love one of my maidens. Unhappy thought, I shall not harbor it, but wait and hope that I alone may win his love.

Enter PANTHER; motions that someone approaches.)

ORL.—What now Panther? are the guests arriving? (PANTHER *affirms.*)

ORL.—Bid them enter. (PANTHER *waves his hand; enter POL. drunk and dressed up. R. 2 E.*)

POL.—Looke he-re Satan where's 'is nibs? you know oo I mean-hic. I shay did the prince get full-hic-I'll have to-hic-lecture him bout that hic thats something-hic-I never do and I never 'lows him to-hic-either, Its disgraceful-hic-its-hello-who have we here (*to ORL.*) I shay governor your 'and.

TULIP.—Well, I do kind 'o like you, Pollywog.

POL.—Come to me arms, yum! yum!

Enter PANSY on PANTHER'S arm. R. 1 E.

PANSY.—Ha! ha! I caught you that time, (PANTHER *grins, slaps his knee and also makes merry over the scene.*)

POL.—Not so rapid, my pretty Pansy, allow me to introduce to you Mr. and Mrs. Pollywog, to be.

PANSY.—So it has come to that has it, well we are just a little ahead of you. Here you behold Mr. and Mrs. Panther, already united.

TULIP.—You don't mean it.

PANSY.—Indeed I do. Its true he is dumb but he is awful cute. Au revoir, we must be going.

POL.—Where?

PANSY.—To the earth; we have both become mortals and will sail on the first air current to-morrow.

POL.—We will be with you on the same train.

Enter PANSY and PANTHER. L.

Sketch by POLLYWOG and TULIP, or exeunt. R.

SCENE III.—Same as Act 1, Scene 1.

CHORUS OF FAIRIES FROM WITHOUT.

Merrily, merrily, oh, how cherrily,
Sing we now for our hearts are light;
Hail, oh, hail the happy bridegroom—
Happy bridegroom and the bride.

Enter fairies, R. 2 E. March around stage and then form line from L. U. E., to L. 1. E.

Lovingly, gayly we, ever fondly we
Greet our queen and the noble knight.
Sing, oh sing, the highest praises,
Of the bridegroom and the bride.

PR. J.—How glad I am to see you, Pollywog. I thought I would never set eyes on you again.

POL.—Never fear, my lad; I am after you wherever you go, though you were rather rapid for me this time. But how on earth are we to get home?

PR. J.—Through the air, good Pollywog, of course; I have secured a safe and rapid transit; but let us not hasten our return.

POL.—Why do you wish to remain?

PR. J.—I have an engagement for to-morrow.

POL.—Where, my lord?

PR. J.—At the Palace of the Fairy Queen. She holds a reception there in honor of my visit, even though such proceeding is contrary to the laws of this country: the fact is, I think she is sweet on me.

POL.—And can I go?

PR. J.—Yes; I met her a few moments ago, and she told me to invite you also.

POL.—Good. But how about your lessons? I fear you will lose much by your absence from school.

PR. J.—Oh, I shall soon catch up.

POL.—I will give you some practice now.

PR. J.—I should not mind; proceed, Professor.

POL.—Well, to begin with, I will try you on geography. What is a monarchy?

PR. J.—A country governed by a king.

POL.—Right, but who would reign if the king should die?

PR. J.—Why, the queen, of course.

POL.—You are right again. But if the queen should die, who would then reign?

PR. J.—The Jack.

ORL.—She is indisposed but sends by me a message to your highness.

P. J.—What! a message to me.?

ORL.—Even so, but it is for no ears but yours.

P. J.—Then let us walk in the air, I am eager to hear it.

ORL.—Be patient, my Lord. I will tell you presently. We must not mar the pleasure of the maidens by your absence. Let the music play and the dance begin. Imagine I am the Fairy Queen and waltz with me.

P. J.—Indeed were it not for your attire I should really think you were the queen, your voice, your gentle ways, those lovely eyes, all speak to me of her.

ALL WALTZ.

(POL. and PANTHER enter and take partners.)

P. J.—How merry that was.

TULIP.—The Prince and Duke dance well together.

PANSY.—If they sing as well together they could afford us great enjoyment.

TULIP.—We should so love to hear you sing.

P. J.—Then let the music play and the Mascot is with you.

DUET! GOBBLE. GOBBLE.

At the end of the duet ORL. faints in P. J's arms.

P. J.—He has fainted.

The fairies in alarm cluster about, loosen his tresses and discover SUNF.

PANSY.—It is the queen.

FAIRIES.—The Queen!

P. J.—The Queen, and why this garb?

TULIP.—She loves the Prince.

FAIRIES—She loves the Prince.

Picture; close in with plain hall.

SCENE II.—*Plain hallway in the Palace of the Fairy Queen. Enter POLLYWOG. L. 1 E.*

POL.—Well, here's a pretty muss. His Royal Highness is done for, absolutely and teetotally harnessed; actually marries a Fairy Queen. What a romance, let me see. First, he tumbles off of the earth, takes a trip through the air, alights on Venus, falls in love with all the fairies, and winds up by marrying their queen. What will his ma and pa say when he takes his bride home? They'll lay it all to me, that's what they'll do, and me—alas, poor me—I will still be single—no one to love me—no one to call me——

(Enter TULIP, R. 1 E.)

TULIP.—Pollywog.

POL.—*(aside)* Bless my ears, there is some one after all, if I can only get her to consent, *(to TULIP.)* You called me fair blossom.

TULIP.—You are mistaken, I called you Pollywog.

POL.—I'll not dispute you. Why did you call me?

TULIP.—I wanted you to tell me about the earth, oh, how I should like to go there.

POL.—There is only one way I know of to gratify your desire.

TULIP.—And that is——

POL.—To marry a mortal.

TULIP.—But I only know one.

POL.—Who?

TULIP.—I don't like to tell.

POL.—Fair Tulip, say it is me, and make me forever happy.

ORL. (*aside.*) This mortal has become intoxicated, what shall I do, he will disgrace us all. (*to POL.*) Go thou mortal and return not until you are in proper condition, Panther away with him. (*PANTHER motions away.*)

POL.—Now shee 'ere-hic-hits hall right, don't you shee h'im so-ho-ber as a-hic-judge-look at me (*aside*) brace up ole boy you'll disgrace myself.

(*ORL. points to the door, PANTHER slaps him on the shoulder and points to the door. POL. stumbles around, takes PANTHER'S hand and shakes it.*)

Yer 'and guvnor, yer—

(*PANTHER withdraws his hand, stamps on the floor and points again to the door.*) ho, git hout his hit, (*moves towards the door R. 2 E.*)

Shirtainly, shirtainly, anything to please the boys, hic-so long guvnor, ta! ta! shee yer later—come 'long Satan-hic lets have another-hic-drink, (*sings.*) Oh I feel so awfully jolly.

(*Exit POL. followed by PANTHER.*)

ORL.—What fools these mortals be; oh dear I hope the Prince is sober, but I fear he is not for the maidens approach without him, unhappy day, unhappy day.

(*Enter fairies and rush to ORL. who has his back turned.*)

PANSY—Oh prince, we have looked every where for you.

TULIP—Why dld you run away from us?

ROSE—and leave us without an escort.

(*ORL. faces the fairies.*)

FAIRIES.—Oh it is not the Prince.

Merrily, merrily, oh, so cherrily,
Sing we now for our hearts are light..
Hail, oh, hail the happy bridegroom—
Happy bridegroom and the bride.

Enter SUNFLOWER on the arm of P. J. R. 2 E.

SUNFLOWER.—(*To Fairies.*) We thank you for your joyous greeting.

P. J.—I also thank you and hope to meet you all sometime on earth.

PANSY.—Please sir, we are all going there to-morrow with you and Sunflower.

P. J.—What, Sunflower, is that possible?

SUNF.—Yes, my lord, I have secured their release from Fairyland, and tomorrow they will all be mortals and meet us on the earth where—

P. J.—They will live long and happy lives—even as we.

Euter PANTHER R. 2 E., and takes PANSY's hand.

PANSY.—Panther and I have already imitated you.

Enter POLLYWOG and takes TULIP's hand.

TULIP.—Likewise Pollywog and I.

P. J.—Well, well, this is indeed a surprise. You have my congratulations and blessings.

SUNF.—And mine, my maidens.

P. J.—But you, Fair Blossoms—you are single yet.

FAIRIES.—Good reason.

P. J.—Ha! ha! I see. Well we will find you plenty of gallants on the earth.

SUNF.—And now, we must away to our plants, the sun is setting and the sunflower bends its head. Away.

Fairies enter their respective plants. PANTHER and POLLYWOG fall to the ground.

P. J.—And must you indeed leave me?

SUNF.—Only for a little time; the few hours of separation will but unite us on earth. While sleeping within our plants we quietly and unconsciously pass from this home to yours.

P. J.—Are you sure I will go too?

SUNF.—Oh, yes, fear not, all of us will awaken there on the morrow; good night. (They embrace. Sunflower approaches her plant.)

P. J.—Sunflower, my bride!

SUNFL.—My husband. (Again embrace) farewell, farewell (goes—blowing kisses.)

P. J.—Stay but a little longer.

SUNF.—Would that I could, but already the leaves begin to move; a moment more and I may be too late; farewell, Love. (Enters plant.)

P. J. *kneels and holds out his hands to her.*

P. J.—Then come, sleep, quickly to mine eyes, that I may the sooner forget we are parted till the morrow brings us together never again to part while life shall last. Come, sleep, come. (*Falls and sleeps. Fairies wave their wands.*)

CHORUS OF FAIRIES.

Sleep, gentle stranger,
Close thou thine eyes;
The darkness is on thee
And clouded the skies.
The daylight has faded,
The stars alone gleam; (*Slow Curtain.*)
Sleep, gentle stranger, (*Red fire.*)
Of fairies to dream.

Sleep! sleep! sleep!

Curtain—Picture.





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